

*Holles*  
8.  
THE  
COURTIER and PATRIOT.

AN  
EPISTLE

TO HIS GRACE

The DUKE of *NEWCASTLE*.

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*Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea Nodo?*

HOR. lib. i. Ep. i.

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## Advertisement to the Reader.

READER,

**I** Will save thee the Trouble of discovering and reproaching me,  
that the following Epistle is imitated from Horace, by freely  
confessing, not only that it is, but that it has no other Merit.





A N

## E P I S T L E, &amp;c.

SAY, HOLLES, tho' you strive to please us all,  
 As Pensions, Sinécures, or Places, fall ;  
 What is the Reason that we frown or grieve,  
 And hardly are persuaded to receive——  
 Still longing for the Place *we cannot have*,  
 And envying those to whom that Place you gave.

Blest with the *Premier*, who sits at his Board,  
 Cries a repining Commoner, or Lord——  
 'There ev'ry Art of Ways and Means we see,  
 And soon will *Something*, or will *Nothing* be.  
 The learned Sage, with deep indented Face,  
 Envies a younger *Chancellor* his Place ;  
 Who tir'd with Business, wishes to retire  
 A good, old *Lord Lieutenant* of some Shire ;  
 This forc'd to Town on some important Day,  
 Cries, “ happy those, who at *St. James's* stay.”

B

So

So many Instances like these arise,  
 One Muse is nothing— Nine wou'd scarce suffice—  
 To cut all short—Mark how I state the Thing—  
 Behold our good old venerable King,  
 With Looks as kind as is his bounteous Heart,  
 Still pleas'd, when he can Good to all impart :  
 Come Sirs, cries he, “ you know what's in our Pow'r,  
 “ Carve for yourselves, 'tis now Preferment's Hour !  
 “ Put in, put out, buy, sell, chop, change, remove,  
 “ Agree among yourselves, and we approve.  
 “ How now ! What makes you all still loit'ring here ?  
 “ Be gone, or never more approach our Ear—  
 “ Plague take all Courtiers, they are never pleas'd,  
 “ Unhappy Kings, to be thus ever teaz'd !”

But not to trifle, when one should be grave,  
 Tho' Mirth the Force of serious Truth may have ;  
 Tell me, *Wise Holles*, (if you yet have found)  
 Why Man, inconstant Man, still shifts his Ground ?  
 Why now, to *honourable* Posts inclin'd—  
 And now a *Patriot*, born but for Mankind—  
 Why now return again to vex his King ?  
 And drop Mankind, to beg a Star and String ?  
 Hear then the Muse—'Tis she alone can tell,  
 She knows the Patriot, and the Courtier well,

There



There is, in Man, to Self-Love ever true,  
 Something that screens our Weakness from our View ;  
 But sees our Talents, howe'er hid from Sight,  
 And finds them equal to the highest Flight.  
 Thus prepossess'd, Ambition is our Aim,  
 Courtiers and Patriots are in this the same ;  
 Their Monarch's Int'rest, those affect in all,  
 Whilst for the People, these as loudly bawl ;  
 The *ousted* Courtier to the People flies,  
 Succeeding Patriots see with Courtier's Eyes ;  
 Learn then, who still will juggle near a Throne,  
 And ye, whose Praise *Clare-Market* Butchers own,  
 Learn from the Ant, what is true Wisdom's Lore,  
 And with your Follies, vex Mankind no more ;  
 The Ant! wise Insect, whose contracted Care  
 Confin'd to what is needful, rested there,  
 Her Toil once past, contented stays at Home,  
 Enjoys her Labours, and forbears to roam :  
 Whilst Man, ambitious Man! However high!  
 Has still some higher Prospect in his Eye.  
 High Posts or Titles, one wou'd think might do—  
 No,—'Tis *this Post—This Title*—strikes his View.  
 To dabble in a Brook, is poor and low—  
 Give him a River, when its Banks o'erflow—

A Torrent—to appease his boiling Blood—  
 Take it vain Fool, and perish in the Flood !  
 Whilst from the running Stream, which flows as clear,  
 I slake my Thirst as well, and nothing fear.

In this, great Minister, behold Man's Race,  
 Rising from Hope to Hope, from Place to Place—  
 Laugh'd at by all, yet better pleas'd by far,  
 When gazing on the Key, Wand, String, and Star ;  
 Like the rich Miser, by Mankind despis'd,  
 Who yet his Money, more than all things priz'd.

King *Tantalus*, in Hell, as Poets say,  
 Condemn'd to pass Eternity away,  
 Up to the Chin, in cooling Waters stood,  
 Yet never tasted the surrounding Flood ;  
 For ever and anon, as he his Head  
 Wou'd dip, the *tantalizing* Waters fled.  
 You laugh, Sir Courtier,—Substitute your Name,  
 Your Grasp's as fleeting, and your Thirst the same,  
 Each Night, each wish'd-for Honour charms your Eyes,  
 Each Morn awak'd, the pleasing Vision flies ;  
 No colour'd Ribband down your Side you see,  
 No Garter buckles underneath your Knee ;  
 No Golden Key upon your Pocket stands,  
 No taper Wand adorns your outstretch'd Hands ;

You



You fret—you rave—still hopeful to succeed,

A very—very *Tantalus* indeed!

But why this Bustle, why this Toil and Pain,

What is this mighty Thing you strive to gain?

Will it restore your Health, when you are ill?

Or give a Relish to the nauseous Pill?

Will it your Wife's or Children's Love secure,

Or the fantastic World's good Word procure?

Loft to your Wife's Affections, whilst your Mind,

Struck with the Charms of Courts, to her's is blind—

Loft to your Children, who no Parent trace,

In one who lives, but to gain Rank or Place—

Loft to the World, who hate him to a Man,

Who follows nothing but Ambition's Plan.

“ What shall I do? Turn Patriot!—Be it so;

“ *Hang Ministers—Damn Courts—Will this, Sir, do?*”

This Sir! Why this Extreme is just as bad—

Courtiers and Patriots, both alike are mad.

There is a Point, which Virtue ne'er will pass,

Who goes beyond or short, is still an Ass.

Hear then the Muse and from her Precepts learn,

What interested Man can ne'er discern—

Behold

Behold the Racers from the Barrier start;  
 Observe the Jockies, how they play their Part!  
 Each eyes the next—outstript, the third pursues;  
 He passes him—He rises in his Views——  
 Now Whip and Spur—'Tis now the final Heat—  
 Stretch now beyond—Or throw him from his Seat.  
 Rare Life! Brave Struggle! 'Tis a glorious Thing,  
 To be for ever—ever on the Wing!  
 Tarry—the Muse has something still to say;  
 'Tis her's to point—'tis your's to mark the Way.

Life is a Feast, where every Thing is good,  
 Which furnishes to Man his proper Food;  
 Who takes what Nature's Appetite requires,  
 Eats soberly, and chearfully retires:  
 Whilst he whose greedy Maw would taste of all,  
 Intoxicated, soon or late, must fall;  
 Or fearful, lest another gain the Prize,  
 Outfit them all, and know not when to rise.

Enough my Muse——'Tis Time you shou'd have done,  
 Why preach to him, *who has so nobly won?*

F I N I S.

